

Among the last

to leave from Aden,  
let's call him Governor  
Sir Trevor Berkley-Trevorsham,

backed up the plane ramp,  
pistol in hand. Old Bunky!  
did he know his Kipling?

*When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,  
And the women come out to cut up what remains,  
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains  
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.*

Brits never learn. Americans refuse.  
It's all of it an old old endless loop.

**10 Invade for gelt and glory**

**20 Meet disaster**

**30 Mouth patriotism**

**40 Goto 10**